

## Final Lesson

by Nia Maqi

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Summary: Obi-Wan receives a final lesson

## Final Lesson

TITLE: Final Lesson

>AUTHOR: Nia Maqi <br>ARCHIVE: M/A, CKOS, anybody else who wants it just let me know.

>CATEGORY: POV, HC of sorts

>RATING: PG <br>WARNINGS: Here there be slash as in Q/O

>SPOILERS: post TPM <br>SUMMARY: Obi-Wan receives a final lesson.

>FEEDBACK: Yes please! Good, bad, whatever. <br>DISCLAIMERS: The Jedi belong to Lucas. As for the title... it's almost identical

>with the one of the wonderful story Mona posted recently (which actually was the <br>first Q/O I've read, a long way back, before MA). Mona, I'm sorry, but I can't

>think of a different one here. <br>THANKS: Blue-white-warped chocolate and a new QuiClone to Jadzia for beta and

>encouragement. <br>

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>FINAL LESSON<br>by Nia Maqi

><br>

>Master Yoda send me away. <br>

>So many things I found for myself to do, but he send me away. I was almost <br>willing to argue. But I did not. I obeyed and now I'm sitting here, away from

>Theed at the edge of a forest, under a tree overlooking the wide grassland. I'm <br>sitting in shadows overlooking the width gleaming in sunlight.

><br>How symbolic.

><br>And I couldn't care less. Do I care about anything right now? Apart from

>avoiding the pain. That's why I kept myself occupied. If I stand still for just <br>a moment reality would catch up on me.

><br>Master Yoda took away the tasks I set up for myself and he send

me away to seek

>out the Force. <br>

>A Jedi can feel the Force at all times, but without intention it's more like a <br>background noise. You have to reach out for it to get more than currents. I've

>been avoiding to reach out and connect because it will hurt. Because I won't <br>find you in it anymore. With your death our bond was broken. If I would open up

>to the Force then there would be an empty spot, microscopic in the vastness, but <br>size doesn't matter. How true that is. This tiny spot is where our bond was,

>where we were connected. It hurts to think of it in past tense, how much worse <br>would it be to actually feel it.

><br>I don't want to, but Yoda insisted. Not in words or gesture but his tone when he

>said that I needed to do this, to open up to the Force. <br>

>Need. <br>

>Master, you taught me many things. We had a rough start, a way with bends and <br>curves unusual for the passage from initiate to padawan. I was desperate to

>understand you and your decisions. Later you told me that it was the same for <br>you. Easier of course, since you had more experience as a Jedi, as a Master.

><br>But still you wanted to understand me as I wanted to understand you. But our

>reasons were so different. I wanted to know where I stood with you, how to fit <br>into your life, to make the transition as smooth as possible. You wanted to

>understand me because you needed to do so, because it was the right way. <br>

>Later you showed me that understanding is the right way for our whole life. Our <br>relationship has changed, evolved over time. As we were Master and Padawan,

>friends, lovers, two parts of one soul. And in all that the foundation was <br>understanding and providing what the other truly needed, not what one wanted or

>thought to want. You always gave what I truly needed, you taught me the <br>difference between this need and want. You taught me to find the truth within me

>and in you. When I learned this we became lovers, because it was the right way <br>for us, because we shared the same need. You knew about it for a long time but

>you had to wait until I realised that on my own. <br>

>"What you need" can be many things, and sometimes it is not what you want it to <br>be. It sounds so easy, but in fact it is more difficult than most things I have

>learned. Sometimes I wonder if I can ever reach your level of understanding. How <br>should I be able to find the truth and help others as a Jedi when it is still so

>hard for me to understand what I need. <br>

>Yoda said I needed to open up to the Force. That word really got my attention. <br>

>Need. <br>

>I knew the truth of his words in an instance. I knew it before he said all of <br>them. Nevertheless I wanted to put it off, and I still do.

><br>"A Jedi's life is a hard one" It is not a phrase, it is true, because among

>other things you come to understand that your worst enemy lies

within yourself. <br>To avoid the truth, the pain, is to feed this enemy. I'm giving in where I  
>should make a stand. <br>  
>I'm almost ready. Not much longer. <br>  
>Maybe pain would be a cleansing, sweep away my doubts, my regrets, my guilt... <br>there is even more. More feelings unfitting a Jedi, anger at myself for not  
>being good enough to be at your side, Master, and anger at you, for getting <br>killed, for putting me into this position.  
><br>These feelings are treacherous because they are a distraction, they can take the  
>edge of the pain- that's why I keep them close. <br>  
>I wonder where all this anger comes from? Is it all my creation or is it more, a <br>leftover from my brush with the Sith? After the wall came down I used the Dark  
>Side. Strange word for it. The Force is the Force. The shade lies not in the <br>Force itself but in how you approach it and in your purpose, your focus. I never  
>thought myself to be pure, no one is. Strange as it may seem, even Master Yoda <br>is not pure. All of us have a dark side, the difference is how you handle it. A  
>Jedi has to find it, to acknowledge it and to be wary of it at all times, to <br>keep it in check and fight it when it arises.  
><br>I think I was underway to ignore it. I never did this, you taught me better.  
><br>So I deal with it now. I accept my undoing.  
><br>And I let go.  
><br>  
><br>It takes a while but then I'm finally free. Now I can open up to the Force, not  
>that I want to, but I need it. <br>  
>Now. <br>  
>Pain - here I come. <br>  
><br>  
>Here I am - tears in my eyes. <br>  
>Anakin. <br>  
>Teach him... - I didn't want this responsibility. But you needed me to and I <br>needed to give you this promise.  
><br>Anakin. That's how I think of him now, not "The boy" anymore. A progress, that's  
>for sure. <br>  
>When you told the Council you would take him as your Padawan I was shocked and <br>hurt. But you had to move fast to go for what you believed to be right. Later  
>you explained that to me but I already came to understand it. Nothing had <br>changed between us. It was certain that I wouldn't always be your Padawan. But  
>we were a pair and we would have stayed that way. No Chosen One could change <br>that. There was enough room in your, in our life.  
  
><br>This afternoon the Council will decide about Anakin's future but regardless of  
>the decision, I will keep my promise. <br>  
>And now I wonder what would have become of him if Master Yoda hadn't sent me <br>here. This idea chills me to the core, I can't really grasp why, but I have the  
>feeling that I would have missed to teach him something important without today, <br>without what I feel now. What kind of teacher would I have been, blind,  
>crippled, without joy. <br>

>And this nightfall, your funeral, what would I have seen? You, my Master, my <br>love, being cremated.  
><br>But that's only one facet of truth. I have changed my point of view and so I  
>will see more of the truth tonight. <br>  
>Now that I'm open I can feel you in the Force, not your awareness, but your <br>presence as you are beginning to weave into the Force itself, into its  
>harmonics. In a day I wouldn't be able to recognise you any more, the edges are <br>already fading. But maybe, now that I felt you there, how you fit into it, how  
>you find your shifting place I may recognise you again. But to be honest, it <br>doesn't matter anymore. You are part of the Force, part of life, part of  
>everywhere. As I will be. <br>  
>Where our bond was, where I expected pain, there is only my love for you, so <br>much that I can't keep it, I pour it out into the Force.  
  
><br>And it comes back.  
><br>All the love I give comes back to me. Loved by you, loved by the Force.  
><br>You were right when you said that I still had much to learn about the Living  
>Force - but look now, with your death you gave me a final lesson. Maybe one of <br>the most important, one that fills me with joy.  
  
><br>I will teach Anakin that - and this thought lets the chill I felt earlier  
>disappear. <br>  
>I will join you, my love, sometime, no need to hurry. Until then I will do my <br>duty with all I have to offer, so much more for your final lesson. And I will  
>cherish this mortal life as is only right for such a great gift provided by the <br>Force.  
><br>And then I will join you.  
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> <br>

End  
file.